

No 805 A. 821



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8054,821

Sidney Homer

Three Songs

(Robert Browning)

NET

A Woman's Last Word	.60
My Star	.40
Prospice	.60

Low Voice
(Original)

— High Voice
(Transposed)

New York: G. Schirmer

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Franklin Blue

Jan 17, 1945.

Franklin Blue
January 17, 1945.

To Helen J. Paxton.

887141

Prosipe.

Poem by Robert Browning.

SIDNEY HOMER.

Op. 12, No. 3.
Original key E minor.

Vivace. Impetuously.

Voice. *f*

Piano. *ff*

Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat, The

cresc.

mist in my face, When the snows begin, and the blasts denote I am nearing the place,

cresc.

The pow'r of the night, the press of the storm, The post of the foe; Where he

f cresc.

stands, the Arch-Fear in a vis-i - ble form, Yet the strong man must go:

ff

Moderato. Expressively.

Moderato. Expressively.

For the jour-ney is done, and the

sum-mit attained, And the bar - - riers fall, Though a

cresc. poco a poco

battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained, The re-ward of it all.

Tempo I. With fire.

I was ev-er a fight - er, so one fight more, The

best and the last! I would hate *3* that death bandaged my eyes, and for-bore, And

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

bade me creep past. No! let me taste the whole of it, *cresc.* *3*

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

fare like my peers. The he-roses of old, Bear the brunt, *decrese.* in a min-ute pay

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

glad life's ar - rears Of *più lento* pain, dark-ness, and cold.

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

bass. *bass.* *bass.*

Moderato. Expressively.

For sudden the worst turnsthe best to the brave, The black

cresc. poco a poco 3
min - ute's at end, And the el-ements' rage, the fiend - voices that rave, Shall

p cresc.
dwin - - dle, shall blend, Shall change, shall be-

f. de cresc. p pp
come first a peace out of pain, Then a light, then thy breast, O thou

rit.
pp cresc. poco a poco f rit.

With deep feeling.

f

soul of my soul! I shall

ff a tempo

Maestoso

clasp thee a - gain, And with God,

ff

and with God be the rest!

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